The poor Mans diſtreſs & tryal;

Or, *Fortunes Favours after her Frowns.*

Then in Diſtreſs and heavineſs,
The Rich doth poor Men hate;
But when the poor hath plenty ſtore,
the Rich Mans love is great.

To the Tune of, The Two Engliſh Travellers. *This may be Printed*, A. P.

A Poor man he lately did bury his wife,
And ſoon he was brought into trouble and ſtrife,
He had a harſh Landlord to whom he ow'd rent,
Quite void of all pitty, to cruelty bent.

This Landlord he came to the poor man one day,
And with bitter language to him he did ſay:
Let me have my Money next week without fail,
Or elſe I'le aſſure you, you lye in a Jail.

The poor man in pittiful terms did relate,
Good Sir be not cruel, my grief it is great,
I hope with more ſorrow you won't me oppreſs,
Behold my poor Children that are Motherleſs.

I ne'r in my life was a Spend-thrift you know:
And therefore kind Sir, ſeek not my over throw,
To pay you your money i'le make it my care,
If you for a while will but patiently bare.

I muſt and I will have my money, ſays he,
Or elſe I will go to the extremity,
It is not your children or what you can ſay,
That ever ſhall make me much longer to ſtay.

And thus in a fury from him he did part,
At which the poor man he was griev'd to the heart,
While tears from his eyes did in multitudes fall,
Said he to his Children I muſt leave you all.

With ſorrowful ſighing his heart was near broke,
His Children lamented as ſoon as he ſpoke,
Dear Father don't leave us what ever you do,
For we are all willing to ſuffer with you,

In tender compaſſion, to them he reply'd,
I am your dear Father, and ſtill will provide
For my little ones, who delighteth my mind,
I cannot, nor never will leave ye behind.

A truſty true Friend he had lived hard by,
To whom the next Morning in haſte he did hye;
Said he, I muſt now leave my Countrey dear,
Becauſe a cold Priſon I heartily fear.

My Brother is rich, and has no Heir at all,
And if he ſhould Dye, then to me it may fall;
I now will to London, though many a Mile,
And there you may find me, if Fortune ſhould ſmile.

In Friendſhip they parted; to London he went,
With his little Children, and liv'd in content
By his dayly labour, quite free from all dread,
At length there came tydings his Brother was dead.

And made him and his the Sole heirs of his land,
And therefore he ſtraight-way went down out of hand
His harſh cruel Landlord he now need not fear,
Since he is poſſeſſed with hundreds a year.

But now when he came for to pay him at laſt,
His Landlord was ſorry for all that was paſt,
And told him he need not a Wander'd away,
I would not have done it, no, no by my fay.

For thoſe Childrens ſake I would not you moleſt.
What ever I ſaid then I was but in jeſt,
And therefore I hope you will not take it ill,
But let us continue in true friendſhip ſtill.

The Tennants Reply.

Of all kind of comfort you did me bereave,
And therefore I have not a faith to believe,
For when I was poor you look't ſow're and big,
And now for your friendſhip I care not a Fig.

By this we perceive when the World it does frown
Upon any perſon, all men runs them down.
But yet when kind fortune a plenty ſhall ſend,
Oh then to be ſure we ſhall ne'r want a friend.

FINIS.

Printed for P. Brooksby at the Golden Ball in Pye-Corner.